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BITS OF
BURNISHED GOLD

JOHN RUSKIN

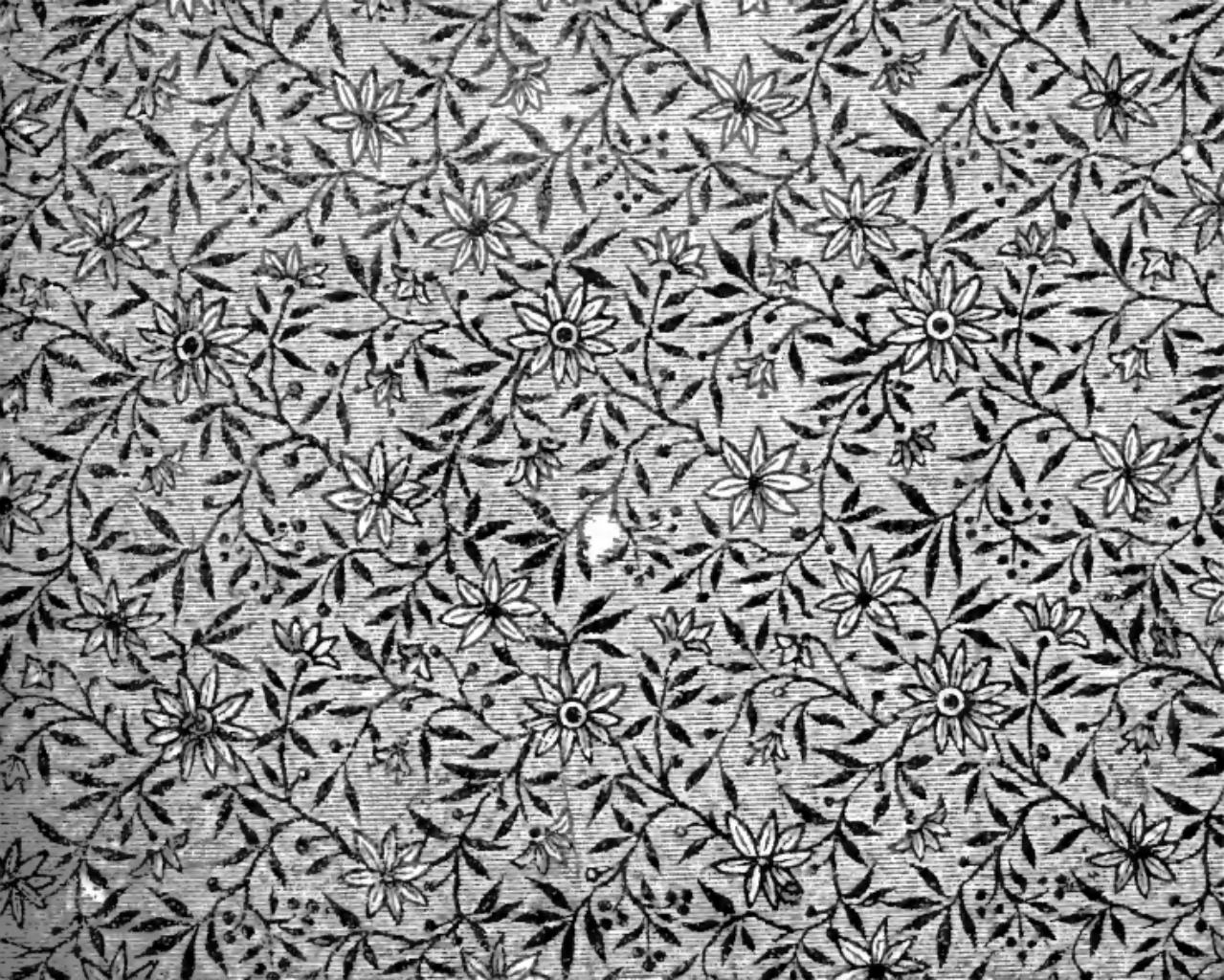
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.







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JOHN RUSKIN.
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REMEMBER—

Literature does its duty in raising our fancy to the height of what may be noble, honest, and felicitous in actual life; in giving us the companionship of the wisest fellow-spirits of every age and country, and in aiding the communication of clear thoughts and faithful purposes.

J



Genius.

The whole difference between a man of genius and other men, is that the first remains in great part a child, seeing with the large eyes of children, in perpetual wonder, not conscious of much knowledge, —conscious, rather of infinite ignorance, and yet infinite power; a fountain of eternal admiration, delight, and creative force within him meeting the ocean of visible and governable things around him.

All men are to be men of genius in their degree, rivulets or rivers, it does not matter, so that their souls be clear and pure.

W^or^k.

Work is only done well when it is done with a will ; and no man has a thoroughly sound will unless he knows he is doing what he should, and is in his place.

There is no action so slight nor so mean, but it may be done to a great purpose, and ennobled thereby ; nor is any purpose so great but that slight actions may help it, and may be done so as to help it much, most especially that chief of all purposes, the pleasing God.

Originality.

That virtue of originality that men so strive after, is not newness as they vainly think,—there is nothing new—it is only genuineness: it all depends on this single glorious faculty of getting to the spring of things and working out from that ; it is the coolness, and clearness, and deliciousness of the water fresh from the fountain-head, opposed to the thick, hot, unrefreshing drainage from other men's meadows.

Purity of Taste.

Our purity of taste is best tested by its universality, for if we can only admire this thing or that, we may be sure that our cause for liking is of a finite and false nature. But if we can perceive beauty in everything of God's doing, we may argue that we have reached the true perception of its universal laws.

True taste is for ever growing, learning, reading, worshipping. . . . And it finds whereof to feed, and whereby to grow in all things.

God's Tithe.

So long as men shall receive earthly gifts from God, of all that they have His tithe must be rendered to Him, or in so far, and in so much He is forgotten: of the skill and of the treasure, of the strength and of the mind, of the time and of the toil, offering must be made reverently: and if there be any difference between the Levitical and the Christian offering, it is that the latter may be just so much the wider in its range as it is less typical in its meaning, as it is thankful instead of sacrificial.

The Cross.

Remember that Christ Himself never says anything about holding by His Cross. He speaks a good deal of bearing it; but never for an instant of holding by it. It is His Hand, not His Cross, which is to save either you, or St. Peter, when the waves are rough.

“Taking up one’s Cross.”—It means simply that you are to go the road which you see to be the straight one; carrying whatever you find is given you to carry, as well and stoutly as you can.

Silence regarding Work.

The moment a man can really do his work, he becomes speechless about it. All words become idle to him—all theories.—Does a bird need to theorize about building its nest, or boast of it when built ?

That journey of life's conquest, in which hills over hills, and Alps on Alps arose and sank—do you think you can make another tread it painlessly, by talking ? Why, you cannot even carry us up an Alp, by talking. You can guide us up it, step by step, no otherwise,—even so, best silently.

Angel Beauty.

They who are as the angels of God in Heaven, yet cannot be conceived as so assimilated that their different experiences and affections upon earth shall there be forgotten and effectless ; the child taken early to his place cannot be imagined to wear there such a body, nor to have such thoughts, as the glorified apostle who has finished his course and kept the faith on earth. And so whatever perfections and likeness of love we may attribute to either the tried or the crowned creature, there is the difference of the stars among them.

Daily Improvement.

See that no day passes in which you do not make yourself a somewhat better creature; and in order to do that, find out first what you are now. Try to get strength of heart enough to look yourself fairly in the face, in mind, as well as body.

You will find that the mere resolve not to be useless, and the honest desire to help other people, will, in the quickest and delicatest ways, improve yourself.

The Bible,

The real meaning, in its first power, of the word Bible, is not, book merely: but 'Bibliotheca,' Treasury of Books. . . . Consider what other group of historic and didactic literature has a range comparable with it. . . . Think if you can match that table of contents, in any other—I do not say 'book,' but literature?

The Bible is indeed a deep book, where depth is required, that is to say, for deep people. But it is not intended particularly for profound persons. And therefore the main and leading idea of the Bible, is on its surface; needing nothing, but we all might give—attention.

True Life.

This do, and thou shalt live ; nay, in stricter and more piercing sense, This *be*, and thou shalt live ; to show mercy is nothing—the soul must be full of mercy ; to be pure in act is nothing—thou shalt be pure in heart also.

Connect the words 'charity' and 'labor' under the general term of 'bearing the cross.' " If any man will come after me, let him deny himself—for charity—and take up his cross—of pain—and follow me."

It is only for those who have obeyed the law sincerely, to say how far the hope held out to them by the law-giver has been fulfilled.

Knowledge.

The highest knowledge always involves a more advanced perception of the fields of the unknown ; and, therefore, it may most truly be said, that to know anything well involves a profound sensation of ignorance, while yet it is equally true that good and noble knowledge is distinguished from vain and useless knowledge chiefly by its clearness and distinctness, and by the rigorous consciousness of what is known and what is not.

There was always more in the world than men could see, walked they ever so slowly.

Style.

Your own character will form your style; your own zeal will direct it; your own obstinacy or ignorance may limit or exaggerate it.

Greatness of style consists in the habitual choice of subjects of thought which involve wide interests and profound passions, as opposed to those which involve narrow interests and slight passions. The style is greater or less in exact proportion to the nobleness of the interests and passions involved in the subject.

Christian Inspiration.

In the measure in which a Christian trusts Christ, obeys the Father, and consents with the Spirit, he becomes inspired in feeling, act, word, and reception of word, according to the capacities of his nature. He is not gifted with higher ability, nor called into new offices, but enabled to use his granted natural powers, in their appointed place, to the best purpose. A child is inspired as a child, and a maiden as a maiden; the weak, even in their weakness, and the wise only in their hour.

The Early Ages of Christianity.

In the early ages of Christianity there was little care taken to analyze character. One momentous question was heard over the whole world : "Dost thou believe in the Lord with all thine heart?" There was but one division among men,—the great division between the disciple and adversary. The love of Christ was all, and in all. . . . And in their pure, early, and practical piety they saw there was no need for codes of morality, or systems of metaphysics.

Faith and Effort.

The early Christians felt that virtue, like sin, was a subtle universal thing ; diverse according to the separate framework of every heart in which it dwelt ; but one and the same always in its proceeding from the love of God, as sin is one and the same in proceeding from hatred of God. And, through faith, working by love, they know that all human excellence would be developed in due order ; but that, without faith, neither reason could define, nor effort reach, the lowest phase of Christian virtue.

Heaven and Hell.

In the utmost solitudes of Nature, the existence of Hell seems to me as legibly declared by a thousand spiritual utterances, as that of Heaven. It is well for us to dwell with thankfulness on the unfolding of the flower, and the falling of the dew, and the sleep of the green fields in the sunshine ; but the blasted trunk, the moaning of the bleak winds, the solemn solitudes of moors and seas, the continual fading of all beauty into darkness, and of all strength into dust, have these no language for us ?

Spiritual Pride.

The moment that in our pride of heart, we refuse to accept the condescension of the Almighty, and desire Him, instead of stooping to hold our hands, to rise up before us into His glory,—we hoping that by standing on a grain of dust or two of human knowledge higher than our fellows, we may behold the Creator as He rises—God takes us at our word ; He rises into His own invisible and inconceivable majesty : He goes forth upon the ways which are not our ways, and retires into the thoughts which are not our thoughts ; —and we are left alone.

An Exemplary Saint.

He is not a preaching Saint, still less a persecuting one ; not even an anxious one. Of his prayers we hear little ; of his wishes, nothing. What he does always, is merely the right thing at the right moment ;—rightness and kindness being in his mind one ; an extremely exemplary Saint to my mind. In his gentleness was his strength. What distinguished him was his sweet, serious, unfailing serenity : no one ever saw him angry, or sad, or gay ; there was nothing in his heart but piety to God, and pity for men.

The Language of Types.

I trust that some day the language of Types will be more read and understood by us than it has been for centuries ; and when this language, a better one than either Greek or Latin, is again recognized amongst us, we shall find, or remember, that as the other visible elements of the universe—its air, its water, and its flame—set forth, in their pure energies, the life-giving, purifying, and sanctifying influences of the Deity upon His creatures, so the earth, in its purity, sets forth His eternity and His Truth.

Aids to Memory.

Without ignobly trusting the devices of artificial memory—far less slighting the power of resolute and thoughtful memory—young readers will find it extremely useful to note any coincidence or links of number which may serve to secure in their minds what may be called Dates of Anchorage, round which others, less important, may swing at various cable's lengths.

By right discipline we can increase our strength.

Pure and Joyful Christianity.

What Christ's life *is*, what His commands *are*, and what His judgment *will be*, not what He once did, nor what He once suffered, but what He is now doing—and what He requires us to do ; *that* is the pure, joyful, beautiful lesson of Christianity ; and the fall from that faith, and all the corruptions of its abortive practice, may be summed up briefly as the habitual contemplation of Christ's death instead of His Life, and the substitution of His past suffering for our present duty.

The Religion of Faith and Hope.

If striving with all your might to mend what is evil, near and around, you would fain look for a day when some Judge of all the Earth shall wholly do right :—if parting from the companions that have given you all the best joy you had on Earth, you desire ever to see their eyes again and clasp their hands :—if preparing yourselves to lie down beneath the grass in silence and loneliness, you would care for the promise to you, of a time when you should see God's light again, and know the things you have longed to know,—and walk in the peace of Everlasting Love,—*then*, the Hope of these things to you is religion, the Substance of them in your life is Faith.

Work and Happiness.

It may be proved, with much certainty, that God intends no man to live in this world without working : but it seems to me no less evident that He intends every man to be happy in his work. Now in order that people may be happy in their work, these three things are needed : They must be fit for it ; they must not do too much of it ; and they must have a sense of success in it. So that in order that a man may be happy, it is necessary that he should not only be capable of his work, but a good judge of his work.

True Progress.

The healthy sense of progress, which is necessary to the strength and happiness of men, does not consist in the anxiety of a struggle to attain higher place or work, but in gradually perfecting the manner, and accomplishing the ends, of the life which we have chosen, or which circumstances have determined for us.

Without the resolution in your hearts to do good work, so long as your right hands have motion in them : and to do it whether the issue be that you die or live, no life worthy the name will ever be possible to you, while in once forming the resolution that your work is to be well done, life is really won, here and for ever.

Crime Hindered.

Crime cannot be hindered by punishment ; it will always find some shape or outlet, unpunishable or unclosed. Crime can only be truly hindered by letting no man grow up a criminal—by taking away the *will* to commit sin ; not by mere punishment of its commission. Crime, small and great, can only be truly stayed by education—not the education of the intellect only, which is on some men wasted, and for others mischievous : but education of the heart, which is alike good and necessary for all.

The Danger of Pride.

In general, *pride is at the bottom of all great mistakes.* All the other passions do occasional good, but whenever pride puts in *its* word, everything goes wrong, and what it might be desirable to do quietly and innocently, it is morally dangerous to do proudly.

Whenever *pride* has any share in the work, even knowledge and light may be ill pursued. . . . Every rightly constituted mind ought to rejoice, not so much in knowing anything clearly, as in feeling that there is infinitely more which it cannot know.

Education.

“What he layeth out, it shall be paid him again,” is quite literally true in matters of education ; no money-seed can be sown with so sure and large returns at harvest-time as that ; only of this money-seed, more than of flesh-seed, it is utterly true, “That which thou sowest is not quickened, except it *die*.” You must forget your money, and every other material interest, and educate for education’s sake only ! or the very good you try to bestow will become venomous, and that and your money will be lost together.

True Charity.

You know how often it is difficult to be wisely charitable, to do good without multiplying the sources of evil. You know that to give alms is nothing unless you give thought also; and that therefore, it is written, not "blessed is he that *feedeth* the poor," but "blessed is he that *considereth* the poor." And you know that a little thought and a little kindness are often worth more than a great deal of money. This charity of thought is not merely to be exercised toward the poor; it is to be exercised toward all men.

Peace.

Which of us feels or knows that he wants peace?—There are two ways of getting it, if you do want it. The first is wholly in your own power; to make yourselves nests of pleasant thoughts. What fairy palaces we may build of beautiful thought—proof against all adversity. Bright fancies, satisfied memories, noble histories, faithful sayings, treasure-houses of precious and restful thoughts, which care cannot disturb, nor pain make gloomy, nor poverty take away from us—homes built without hands, for our souls to live in.

Utopianism.

Whenever you hear a man dissuading you from attempting to do well, on the ground that perfection is "Utopian," beware of that man. Cast the word out of your dictionary altogether. There is no need of it. Things are either possible or impossible. . . . If the thing is impossible, you need not trouble yourself about it; if possible, try for it. It is very Utopian to hope for the entire doing away with drunkenness and misery; but the Utopianism is not our business—the *work* is. It is Utopian to hope to give every child the knowledge of God; but the Utopianism is not our business—the *work* is.

True Strength.

The true strength of every human soul is to be dependent on as many nobler as it can discern, and to be depended upon, by as many inferior as it can reach. . . .

As the first order of Wisdom is to know thyself—though the least creature that can be known—so the first order of Charity is to be sufficient for thyself, though the least creature that can be sufficed: and thus contented and appeased, to be girded and strong for the ministry to others. If sufficient to thy day is the evil thereof, how much more should be the good !

Sensibility.

By sensibility I mean natural perception of beauty, fitness, and rightness ; or of what is lovely, decent, and just : faculties dependent much on race, and the primal signs of fine breeding in man ; but cultivable also by education, and necessarily perishing without it. True education has, indeed, no other function than the development of these faculties, and of the relative will. It has been the great error of modern intelligence to mistake science for education. You do not educate a man by telling him what he knew not, but by making him what he was not.

The Influence of the Beautiful.

Custom has no real influence upon our feelings of the beautiful, except in dulling and checking them. You see the broad blue sky every day over your heads ; but you do not for that reason determine blue to be more or less beautiful than you did at first ; you are accustomed to see stones as blue as the sapphire, but you do not for that reason think the sapphire less beautiful than other stones. The blue color is everlastingly appointed by the Deity to be a source of delight.

Justice and Expediency.

No human actions ever were intended by the Maker of men to be guided by balances of expediency, but by balances of justice. I have said balances of justice, meaning, in the term justice, to include affection,—such affection as one man *owes* to another. All right relations between master and operative, and all their best interests, ultimately depend on these.

Twenty people can gain money for one who can use it ; and the vital question, for individual and for nation, is never “ how much do they make ? ” but, “ to what purpose do they spend ? ”

Books and Reading.

Life being very short, and the quiet hours of it few, we ought to waste none of them in reading valueless books. No book is worth anything which is not worth *much*; nor is it serviceable, until it has been read, and re-read, and loved, and loved again; and marked, so that you can refer to the passages you want in it, as a soldier can seize the weapon he needs in an armory, or a house-wife bring the spice she needs from her store.

The Value of Books.

Books!—the value of them consists first, in their power of preserving and communicating the knowledge of facts—secondly, in their power of exciting vital or noble emotions and intellectual action.

We talk of food for the mind, as of food for the body; now a good book contains such food inexhaustibly. Bread of flour is good; but there is bread, sweet as honey, if we would eat it, in a good book; and the family must be poor indeed, which, once in their lives, cannot, for such multipliable barley-loaves pay their baker's bills.

The Holy Book.

If we always spoke of "The Holy Book" instead of "Holy Bible," it might come into more heads than it does at present that the Word of God, by which the heavens were of old, and by which they are now kept in store, cannot be made a present to anybody in morocco binding ; nor sown on any wayside by help either of steam plough or steam press ; but is nevertheless being offered to us daily, and by us with contumely refused ; and sown in us daily, and by us as instantly as may be, choked.

Special Providences.

We are too much in the habit of considering happy accidents "special Providences"; and thinking that when any great work needs to be done, the man who is to do it will certainly be pointed out by Providence. . . . Whereas all the analogies of God's operations in other matters prove the contrary of this. . . . And there cannot be a doubt in the mind of any person accustomed to take broad and logical views of the world's history, that its events are ruled by Providence in precisely the same manner as its harvests, . . . and that according to the force of our industry, and wisdom of our husbandry, the ground will bring forth to us figs or thistles.

The Use of Education.

Education enables us to consult with the wisest and the greatest men on all points of earnest difficulty. It enables us to use books rightly, and to go to them for help: to appeal to them, when our own knowledge and power of thought fail; to be led by them into wider sight, purer conception than our own, and receive from them the united sentence of the judges and councils of all time against our solitary and unstable opinion.

True Marriage.

Marriage—when it is marriage at all—is only the seal which marks the vowed transition of temporary into untiring service, and of fitful into eternal love.

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We are foolish in speaking of the “superiority” of one sex to the other, as if they could be compared in similar things. Each has what the other has not: each completes the other, and is completed by the other: they are in nothing alike, and the happiness and perfection of both depends on each asking and receiving from the other what the other only can give.

Men and Women.

The man's power is active, progressive, defensive. He is eminent-
ly the doer, the creator, the discoverer, the defender. His intellect
is for speculation and invention. But the woman's power is
for rule, and her intellect is not for invention or creation, but for
sweet ordering, arrangement, and decision. She sees the qualities
of things, their claims and their places. A woman, in any
rank of life, ought to know whatever her husband is likely to know,
but to know it in a different way. His command of it should be
foundational and progressive, hers, general, and accomplished for
daily and helpful use.

Womanly Beauty.

The perfect loveliness of a woman's countenance can only consist in that majestic peace which is founded in the memory of happy and useful years,—full of sweet records ; and from the joining of this with that yet more majestic childishness which is still full of change and promise :—opening always—modest at once, and bright, with hope of better things to be won, and to be bestowed. There is no old age where there is still that promise—it is eternal youth.

All Men have a Mission.

God appoints to every one of His creatures a separate mission, and if they discharge it honorably, and faithfully follow that Light which is in them, withdrawing from it all cold and quenchless influence, there will assuredly come of it such burning as, according to its appointed mode and measure, shall shine before men, and be of service constant and holy. Degrees infinite of lustre there must always be, but the weakest among us has a gift, however seemingly trivial, which is peculiar to him, and which worthily used, will be a gift also to his race for ever.

Honoring God.

We treat God with irreverence by banishing Him from our thoughts, not by referring to His will on slight occasions. . . . There is nothing so small but that we may honor God by asking His guidance of it, or insult Him by taking it into our own hands ; and what is true of the Deity is equally true of His Revelation. We use it most reverently when most habitually ; our insolence is in ever acting without reference to it, our true honoring of it is in its universal application. . . . The snow, the vapor, and the stormy wind fulfil His Word. Are our acts and thoughts lighter and wider than these—that we should forget it ?

Human Nature.

It is constantly said that human nature is heartless. Do not believe it. Human nature is kind and generous; but it is narrow and blind, and can only with difficulty conceive anything but what it immediately sees and feels. People would instantly care for others as well as themselves if only they could *imagine* others as well as themselves. It is impossible to speak adequately of the moral power of the imagination. Every man holds in his conceptive faculty a kingdom which may be peopled with active thoughts and lovely presences, or left waste for the springing up of dark desires.

The Fear of God.

Among the children of God, while there is always that fearful and bowed apprehension of His majesty, and that sacred dread of all offence to Him, which is called the fear of God, yet of real and essential fear there is not any, but clinging of confidence to Him, as their Rock, Fortress, and Deliverer, and perfect love, and casting out of fear, so that it is not possible that while the mind is rightly bent on Him there should be dread of anything either earthly or supernatural.

Human Beauty.

They err grossly who think of the right development even of the intellectual type as possible, unless we look to the higher sources of beauty first. . . . And so the ideal of the features, as the good and perfect soul is seen in them, is not to be reached by imagination, but by the seeing and reaching forth of the better part of the soul to that of which it must first know the sweetness and goodness in itself. . . . The great reasoners are self-command, and trust unagitated, and deep-looking Love and Faith, which, as she is above Reason, best holds the reins of it from her high seat.

Love of God and Men.

He who loves not God, nor his brother, cannot love the grass beneath his feet, and the creatures that fill those spaces in the universe which he needs not, and which live not for his uses ; nay, he has seldom grace to be grateful even to those that love him and serve him, while, on the other hand, none can love God, and his human brother, without loving all things which his Father loves, nor without looking upon them every one as in that respect his brethren also, and perhaps worthier than he, if in the under concords they have to fill, their part is touched more truly.

Rest and Peacefulness.

Whether in one or other form, whether the faithfulness of man whose path is chosen as in the Thermopylæ camp ; or the happier faithfulness of children in the good giving of their Father, as in the "stand still and see the salvation of God" of the Red Sea shore, there is rest and peacefulness, the "standing still" in both, the quietness of action determined, of spirit unalarmed, of expectation unimpatient ; beautiful, even when based only, on the self-command or the uncalculating love of the creature, but more beautiful yet when the rest is one of humility instead of pride, and the trust no more in the resolution we have taken, but in the Hand we hold.

Unity.

The only Unity which by any means can become grateful or an object of hope to men, and whose types therefore in material things can be beautiful, is that on which turned the last words and prayer of Christ before His crossing of the Kedron brook. "Neither pray I for thee alone, but for them also which shall believe on Me through their word, that they all may be one, as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee." And so there is not any matter, nor any spirit, nor any creature, but it is capable of a unity of some kind with other creatures.

The Unity of Spirits.

The unity of spirits is partly in their sympathy, and partly in their giving and taking, and always in their love ; and these are their delight and their strength, for their strength is in their co-working and army fellowship, and their delight is in the giving and receiving of alternate perpetual currents of good, their inseparable dependency on each other's being, and their essential and perfect depending on their Creator's ; and so the unity of earthly creatures is their power and their peace, the living power of trust, and the living power of support, of hands that hold each other and are still.

Influence of Disappointment.

I rather believe that in periods of new effort and violent change, disappointment is a wholesome medicine : and that in the secret of it, as in the twilight so beloved by Titian, we may see the colors of things with deeper truth than in the more dazzling sunshine.

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The more that my life disappointed me, the more solemn and wonderful it became to me ; for I saw that both my own failure, and such success in petty things, as in its poor triumph seemed to me more than failure, came from the want of sufficiently earnest effort to understand the whole law and meaning of existence and to bring it to a noble and due end.

Heavenly Wisdom.

Art, History, and Philosophy, are each but one part of the Heavenly Wisdom, which sees not as man seeth, but with Eternal Charity ; and because she rejoices not in Iniquity, *therefore* rejoices in the Truth.

Under all sorrow, there is the force of virtue ; over all ruin, the restoring charity of God. To these alone we have to look ; in these alone we may understand the past, and predict the future.

Value of Knowledge.

Knowledge is mental food, and is exactly to the spirit what food is to the body. Therefore, with respect to knowledge, we are to reason and act exactly as with respect to food.

The increase of knowledge, merely as such, does not make the soul larger or smaller, in the sight of God. All the knowledge man can gain is as nothing, but that the soul, for which the great scheme of redemption was laid, be it ignorant or be it wise, is all in all: and in the activity, strength, and well-being of this soul lies the difference in God's sight between one man and another.

The Gift of Peace.

The great call of Christ to men, is accompanied by the promise of rest : and the death-bequest of Christ to men is “peace.”

You may assuredly find peace, if you are resolved to do that which your Lord has plainly required—and content that He should want no more of you than to do Justice, to love Mercy, and to walk humbly with Him.

The world would be a place of peace if we were all peace-makers.

Influence of Knowledge.

The true and great sciences, more especially natural history, make men gentle and modest in proportion to the largeness of their apprehension and just perception of the infiniteness of the things they can never know. And this, it seems to me, is the principal lesson we are intended to be taught by the book of Job ; for there God has thrown open to us the heart of a man most just and holy, and apparently perfect in all things possible to human nature except humility. For this he is tried ; and we are shown that no suffering, no self-examination, however honest, however stern, no searching out of the heart by its own bitterness, is enough to convince man of his nothingness before God : but that the sight of God's creation will do it.

Real Enjoyments.

All real and wholesome enjoyments possible to man have been just as possible to him, since first he was made of the earth, as they are now ; and they are possible to him chiefly in peace. To watch the corn grow, and the blossoms set ; to draw hard breath over plough-share or spade ; to read, to think, to love, to hope, to pray,—these are the things that make men happy ; they have always had the power of doing these, they never *will* have power to do more. The world's prosperity or adversity depends upon our knowing and teaching these few things : but upon iron, or glass, or electricity, or steam, in no wise.

The Limitation of Facts.

You never can get at the literal limitation of living facts. They disguise themselves by the very strength of their life : get told again and again in different ways by all manner of people :—the literalness of them is turned topsy-turvy, inside-out, over and over again :—then the fools come and read them wrong side upwards, or else, they say there never was a fact at all. Nothing delights a true blockhead so much as to prove a negative :—to show that everybody has been wrong.—Fancy the delicious sensation, to an empty-headed creature, of fancying for a moment that he has emptied everybody else's head as well as his own !

Redemption.

All redemption must begin in subjection, and in the recovery of the sense of Fatherhood and authority, as all ruin and desolation began in the loss of that sense. The lost son began by claiming his rights. He is found when he resigns them.

He himself has sinned, as distinguished from righteous persons. . . . *That* is the hard lesson to learn, and the beginning of faithful lessons. All right and fruitful humility and purging of heart, and seeing of God is in that.

The Beauty of Holiness.

Perfect the day shall be, when it is of all men understood that the beauty of Holiness must be in labour as well as in rest. Nay ; *more*, if it may be in labour ; in our strength, rather than in our weakness ; and in the choice of what we shall work for through the six days, and may know to be good at their evening time, than in the choice of what we pray for on the seventh of repose or reward.

All one's life is a music, if one touches the notes rightly and in time.

Body and Soul.

Body and Soul—the man is made of both : they are to be raised and glorified together. I would insist upon the whole man being in his work : the body *must* be in it. Hands and habits must be in it, whether we will or not ; but the nobler part of the man may often not be in it. And that nobler part acts principally in love, reverence, and admiration, together with those conditions of thought that arise out of them. For we usually fall into much error by considering the intellectual powers as having dignity in themselves, and separable from the heart : whereas the truth is, that the intellect becomes noble and ignoble according to the food we give it.

Spiritual Life.

Everything which man rightly accomplishes is indeed done by Divine help, but under a consistent law which is never departed from. The strength of the spiritual life within us may be increased or lessened by our own conduct ; it is summoned on different occasions by our will, and dejected by our distress, or our sin ; but it is always equally human, and equally Divine. We are men, and not mere animals, because a special form of it is with us always ; we are nobler and baser men, as it is with us more or less, but it is never given to us in any degree which can make us more than men

The Day of Judgment.

Is there but one day of judgment ? Why, for us every day is a day of judgment,—every day is a *Dies Iræ* and writes its irrevocable verdict in the flame of the West. Think you that judgment waits till the doors of the grave are opened ? It waits at the doors of your houses—it waits at the corners of your streets ; we are in the midst of judgment, the insects that we crush are our judges, the moments we fret away are our judges, the elements that feed us, judge, as they minister, and the pleasures that deceive us, judge as they indulge.

The Work of Men.

Let us for our lives do the work of men, while we bear the form of them. "The work of men,"—and what is that?—Well, we may any of us know very quickly, on the condition of being wholly ready to do it.

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Whatever our station in life may be, those of us who mean to fulfil our duty, ought first to live on as little as we can; and secondly, to do all the wholesome work for it we can, and to spend all we can spare in doing all the good we can.

The Function of Ornament.

The function of ornament is to make you happy. Now in what are you rightly happy? Not in thinking of what you have done yourself: not in your own pride, not your own birth; not in your own being, or your own will, but in looking at God; watching what He does; what He is; and obeying His law; and yielding yourself to His will. You are made to be happy by ornaments: therefore they must be the expression of all this: not copies of your own handiwork, not boastings of your own grandeur: not heraldries, not King's arms, nor any creature's arms, but God's Arm seen in His work.

Plagiarism.

The charge of plagiarism is hardly ever made but by plagiarists, and persons of the unhappy class who do not believe in honesty but on evidence.

Touching plagiarism in general, it is to be remembered that all men who have sense and feeling are being continually helped : they are taught by every person whom they meet, and enriched by everything that falls in their way. The greatest is he who has been oftenest aided. . . . Yet nothing that is truly great can ever be altogether borrowed ; and he is commonly the wisest, and is always the happiest, who receives simply, and without envious question, whatever good is offered him, with thanks to its immediate giver.

Associative Power.

I believe that mere pleasure and pain have less associative power than duty performed or omitted, and that the great use of the associative faculty is not to add beauty to material things, but to add force to the conscience. But for this external and all-powerful witness, the voice of the inward guide might be lost in each particular instance, almost as soon as disobeyed. Therefore it has received the power of enlisting external and unmeaning things in its aid, and transmitting to all that is indifferent, its own authority to reprove or reward, so that, as we travel the way of life, we have the choice, according to our working, of turning all the voices of nature into one song of rejoicing, or into a crying out of her stones, and a shaking of her dust against us.

Inscriptions.

Inscriptions in churches, in rooms, and on pictures, are often desirable, but they are not to be considered as architectural or pictorial ornaments ; they are, on the contrary, not to be suffered except when their intellectual office introduces them. Place them, therefore, where they will be read, and there only : and let them be plainly written, and not turned upside down, nor wrong end first. It is an ill sacrifice to beauty to make that illegible, whose only merit is in its sense. Write the Commandments on the church walls where they may be plainly seen, but do not put a dash and a tail to every letter.

The Joy and Power of Reverence.

This is the thing which *I know*—and which, if you labour faithfully, you shall know also,—that in Reverence is the chief joy and power of life ;—Reverence for what is pure and bright in your own youth ; for what is true and tried in the age of others : for all that is gracious among the living, great among the dead,—and marvellous in the Powers that cannot die.

Order and Kindness.

These are the two essential instincts of humanity: the love of Order and the love of Kindness. By the love of order, the moral energy is to deal with the earth, and to dress it, and to keep it: and with all rebellious and dissolute forces in lower creatures, or in ourselves. By the love of doing kindness, it is to deal rightly with all surrounding life. And then, grafted on these, we are to make every other passion perfect; so that they may, every one, have full strength and yet be absolutely under control.

The Divine Presence.

When the active life is nobly fulfilled and the mind is raised above it in clear and calm beholding of the world around us—the simplest forms of Nature are strangely animated by the sense of the Divine Presence: the trees and flowers seem all, in a sort, children of God. . . . And all the common uses and palpably visible forms of things become subordinate in our minds to their inner glory,—to the mysterious voices in which they talk to us about God, and the thoughtful and typical aspects by which they witness to us of holy truth, and fill us with obedient, joyful, and thankful emotions.

God in Nature.

The work of the Great Spirit of nature is as deep and unapproachable in the lowest as in the noblest objects ; the Divine mind is as visible in its full energy of operation on every lowly bank and mouldering stone, as in the lifting of the pillars of heaven and settling the foundations of the earth ; and to the rightly perceiving mind there is the same infinity, the same majesty, the same power, the same unity, and the same perfection, manifest in the casting of the clay as in the scattering of the cloud, in the mouldering of the dust as in the kindling of the day-star.

Nature.

The truth of Nature is a part of the truth of God : to him who does not search it out, darkness, as it is to him who does, infinity.

The teaching of Nature is as varied and infinite as it is constant. . . . Her finest touches are things which must be watched for ; her most perfect passages of beauty are the most evanescent. She is constantly doing something beautiful for us, but it is something which she has not done before and will not do again. . . . She always tells a story, however hintedly and vaguely.

The Sky.

The sky is for all—bright as it is, it is not “ too bright, nor good for human nature's daily food ”; it is fitted in all its functions for the perpetual comfort and exalting of the heart, for the soothing it and purifying it from dross and dust. Sometimes gentle, sometimes capricious, sometimes awful, never the same for two minutes together ; almost human in its passions, almost spiritual in its tenderness, almost divine in its infinity, its appeal to what is immortal in us, is as distinct as its ministry of chastisement or of blessing to what is mortal is essential.

Clouds.

You may take any single fragment of any cloud in the sky, and you will find it put together as if there had been a year's thought over the plan of it, arranged with the most studied inequality—with the most delicate symmetry—with the most elaborate contrast, a picture in itself.

Where Poussin or Claude have three similar masses, Nature has fifty cloud pictures, made up each of millions of minor thoughts—fifty aisles penetrating through angelic chapels to the Shechinah of the blue—fifty hollow ways among bewildered hills but all unlike each other, except in beauty.

Distant Clouds.

Look at the clouds, and watch the delicate sculpture of their alabaster sides, and the rounded lustre of their magnificent rolling. They are meant to be beheld far away : they are shaped for their place, high above your head.

When near us, clouds present only subdued and uncertain colors ; but when far from us, and struck by the sun on their under surface —so that the greater part of the light they receive is reflected—they become golden, purple, scarlet, and intense fiery white, mingled in all kinds of gradations.

Rain-Clouds.

We habitually think of the rain-cloud only as dark and gray ; not knowing that we owe to it perhaps the fairest though not the most dazzling of the hues of heaven. Often the rain-clouds in the dawn form soft level fields, which melt imperceptibly into the blue ; or when of less extent, gather into apparent bars, crossing the sheets of broader cloud above ; and all these bathed throughout in an unspeakable light of pure rose-color, and purple, and amber, and blue ; not shining, but misty-soft. No clouds form such skies, none are so tender, various, inimitable.

Love of Nature.

All true lovers of natural beauty hold it in reverence so deep, that they would as soon think of climbing the pillars of the choir Beauvais for a gymnastic exercise, as of making a play-ground of Alpine snow ; and they would not risk one hour of their joy among the hill meadows on a May morning, for the fame or fortune of having stood on every pinnacle of the silver temple, and beheld the kingdoms of the world from it.

All Nature ; with one voice,—with one glory, is set to teach you reverence for the life communicated to you from the Father of Spirits.

The Infinite Variety of Nature.

The truths of Nature are one eternal change—one infinite variety. There is no bush on the face of the globe exactly like another bush ; —there are no two trees in the forest whose boughs bend into the same network, nor two leaves on the same tree which could not be told one from the other, nor two waves in the sea exactly alike.

Nothing can be natural which is monotonous, nothing true which only tells one story. It is one of the principles of Nature that she will not have one line nor color, nor one portion, nor atom of space without a change in it. There is not one of her shadows, tints, or lines, that is not in a state of perpetual variation.

Wise Men and Rivers.

All rivers, small or large, agree in one character : they like to lean a little on one side ; they cannot bear to have their channels deepest in the middle, but will always, if they can, have one bank to sun themselves upon, and another to get cool under ; one shingly shore to play over ; and another steep shore under which they can pause and purify themselves, and get the strength of their waves fully together for due occasions. Rivers in this way are just like wise men, who keep one side of their life for play, and another for work ; and can be brilliant, and chattering, and transparent when they are at ease, and yet take deep counsel on the other side.

The Mission of the Gutter.

There is hardly a roadside pond or pool which has not as much landscape *in* it as above it. It is not the brown, muddy, dull thing we suppose it to be : it has a heart like ourselves, and in the bottom of that there are the boughs of the tall trees, and the blades of the shaking grass, and all manner of hues, of variable, pleasant light out of the sky : nay, the ugly gutter, that stagnates over the drain bars, in the heart of the foul city, is not altogether base : down in that, if you will look deep enough, you may see the dark, serious blue of far-off sky, and the passing of pure clouds.

Wonderfulness of Vegetation.

What infinite wonderfulness there is in vegetation, considered, as indeed it is, as the means by which the earth becomes the companion of man—his friend and his teacher! Vegetation is as an imperfect soul, given to meet the soul of man. Consider the service which the flowers and trees, which man was at first appointed to keep, were intended to render to him in return for his care: and the service they still render to him, as far as he allows their influence, or fulfills his own task toward them.

A Second Eden.

What can we conceive of that first Eden which we might not yet win back, if we chose?—It was a place full of flowers, we say. Well: the flowers are always striving to grow wherever we suffer them; and the fairer, the closer. . . . Assuredly, creatures such as we are can now fancy nothing lovelier than roses and lilies, which would grow for us side by side, leaf overlapping leaf, till the earth were white and red with them, if we cared to have it so. . . . What hinders us from covering as much of the world as we like with pleasant shade, and pure blossom, and goodly fruit? Who forbids its valleys to be covered over with corn till they laugh and sing?

Joyful Flowers.

Under the dark quietness of the undisturbed pines, there spring up, year by year, such company of joyful flowers as I know not the like of among all the blessings of the earth. And all come forth in clusters crowded for very love. There was the wood anemone, star after star, closing now and then into nebulæ: and there was the oxalis, troop by troop, like virginal processions of the Mois de Marie. And ever and anon, a blue gush of violets and cowslip-bells in sunny places: and in the more open ground the vetch, and comfrey, and mezereon, and the small sapphire buds of the Polygola Alpina, and the wild strawberry, just a blossom or two, all showered amidst the golden softness of deep, warm, amber-colored moss.

The Green Herb.

That sentence of Genesis, "I have given thee every green herb for meat," has a profound symbolical as well as literal meaning. It is not merely the nourishment of the body, but the food of the soul that is intended. The green herb is, of all nature, that which is most essential to the healthy spiritual life of man. Most of us do not need fine scenery ; the precipice and the mountain peak are not intended to be seen by all men. But trees and fields and flowers were made for all. God has connected the labor which is essential to the bodily sustenance with the pleasures which are the healthiest for the heart : and when He made the ground stubborn, He made its herbage fragrant and its blossoms fair.

The Mission of the Grass.

Gather a single blade of grass, and examine for a minute, quietly, its narrow, sword-shaped strip of fluted green. Nothing, as it seems there, of notable goodness or beauty. And yet think of it well, and judge whether of all the gorgeous flowers that beam in summer air, and of all strong and goodly trees, pleasant to the eyes and good for food—there be any by man so deeply loved, by God so highly graced, as that narrow point of feeble green. Consider what we owe merely to the meadow-grass, to the covering of the dark ground by that glorious enamel, by the companies of those soft, and countless, and peaceful spears.

The Fields.

The fields ! Follow but for a little time the thoughts of all that we ought to recognize in those words. All spring and summer is in them—the rests in noonday heat, the joy of flocks and herds,—the power of all shepherd life and meditation, the life of sunlight upon the world, falling in emerald streaks, and falling in soft blue shadows—pastures beside the pacing brooks—soft banks, and knolls of lowly hills—thymy slopes of down overlooked by the blue line of lifted sea—crisp lawns all dim with early dew, or smooth in evening warmth of barred sunshine, dinted by happy feet, and softening in their fall the sound of loving voices ; all these are summed in those simple words ; and these are not all.

Peculiar Characters of the Grass.

Observe, the peculiar characters of the grass, which adapt it especially for the service of man, are its *humility* and *cheerfulness*. Its humility, in that it seems created for lowest service—appointed to be trodden on, and fed upon. Its cheerfulness, in that it seems to exult under all kinds of violence and suffering. You roll it, and it is stronger the next day ; you mow it, and it multiplies its shoots, as if it were grateful ; you tread upon it, and it only sends up richer perfume.

Spires of the fine grasses mysterious evermore, not only with dew in the morning, or mirage at noon, but with the shaking threads of fine arborescence, each a little belfry of grain bells all a-chime.

Lichens and Mosses.

Lichens and Mosses—meek creatures ! the first mercy of the earth, veiling with hushed softness its dintless rocks ; creatures full of pity, covering with strange and tender honor the scarred disgrace of ruin, —laying quiet finger on the trembling stones to teach them rest. . . . And as the earth's first mercy, so they are its last gift to us. When all other service is vain, from plant and tree, the soft mosses and gray lichens take up their watch by the head-stone. The woods, the blossoms, the gift-bearing grasses have done their part for a time, but these do service forever. Trees for the builder's yard, flowers for the bride's chamber, corn for the granary, moss for the grave.

The Mission of the Mountains.

Without mountains the air could not be purified, nor the flowing of the rivers sustained, and the earth must have become for the most part desert plain, or stagnant marsh. But the feeding of the rivers and the purifying of the winds are the least of the services appointed to the hills. To fill the thirst of the human heart for the beauty of God's working,—to startle its lethargy with the deep and pure agitation of astonishment, are their higher missions. They are a great and noble architecture ; first giving shelter, comfort, and rest, and covered also with mighty sculpture and painted legend.

The Spirit of the Hills.

The spirit of the hills is action ; that of the lowlands, repose. . . . There is an expression and a feeling about all the hill lines of Nature not to be reduced to line and rule—not to be measured by angles or described by compasses—not to be chipped out by the geologist, or equated by the mathematician. It is intangible, incalculable,—a thing to be felt, not understood—to be loved, not comprehended—a music of the eyes, a melody of the heart, whose truth is known only by its sweetness.

Mountain Colors.

Consider the difference produced in the whole tone of a landscape color by the introduction of purple, violet, and deep ultramarine blue, which we owe to mountains. . . . In some sense a person who has never seen the rose-color of the rays of dawn crossing a blue mountain twelve or fifteen miles away, can hardly be said to know what tenderness in color means at all ; *bright* tenderness he may, indeed, see in the sky or in a flower, but this grave tenderness of the far-away hill-purples he cannot conceive.

The higher mountains have their scenes of power and vastness, their blue precipices, and cloud-like snows.

TREES.

A very old forest tree is a thing subject to the same laws of nature as ourselves ; it is an energetic being ; liable to and approaching death ; it is always telling us about the past, never pointing to the future.

Tree-worship may have taken a dark form when associated with the Draconian one ; or opposed as in Judea, to a purer faith ; but in itself, I believe it is always healthy, and though it retains little definite hieroglyphic power in subsequent religion, it becomes instead of symbolic, real : the flowers and trees are themselves beheld and beloved, with a half-worshipping delight, which is always noble and healthful.

The Sanctity of Color.

God has employed color in His creation as the unvarying accompaniment of all that is purest, most innocent, and most precious. The ascertainment of the sanctity of color is not left to human sagacity. It is distinctly stated in Scripture. Blue, purple, and scarlet, with white and gold, as appointed in the Tabernacle ; this chord is the fixed base of all coloring with the workmen of every great age. All men completely organized and justly tempered enjoy color ; it is meant for the perpetual comfort and delight of the human heart : it is richly bestowed on the highest works of creation, and the eminent sign and seal of perfection in them.

Flowers as Comforters.

Flowers seem intended for the solace of ordinary humanity : children love them : quiet, tender, contented ordinary people love them as they grow ; luxurious and disorderly people rejoice in them gathered. They are the cottager's treasure : and in the crowded town, mark, as with a little broken fragment of rainbow, the windows of the workers in whose heart rests the covenant of peace. Passionate or religious minds contemplate them with fond, feverish intensity. To the child and the girl, the peasant and the manufacturing operative, to the grisette and the nun, the lover and monk, they are precious always.

The Finger of God.

“Let the dry land appear:” try to follow the finger of God, as it engraved upon the stone tables of the earth the letters and the law of its everlasting form; as gulf by gulf the channels of the deep were ploughed, and cape by cape the lines were traced with Divine foreknowledge of the shores that were to limit the nations; and chain by chain the mountain walls were lengthened forth, and their foundations fastened for ever: and the compass was set upon the face of the depth: and the fields and the highest parts of the dust of the world were made: and the right hand of Christ first strewed the snow on Lebanon, and smoothed the slopes of Calvary.

The Power of Color.

In color it is not red, but rose-color, which is most beautiful, neither such actual green as we find in summer foliage, but such gray-green as that into which nature modifies her distant tints, or such pale green and uncertain as we see in sunset sky, and in the cleft of the glacier, and the chrysoprase, and the sea foam. And so of all colors: they may be deep and full, but there is a solemn moderation even in their very fullness, and a holy reference beyond and out of their own nature to great harmonies by which they are governed, and in obedience to which is their glory. The very brilliancy and real power of all is dependent on the chastening of it, as of a voice on its gentleness, an action on its calmness, and as all moral vigor on self-command.

The Influence of Nature.

Instead of supposing the love of nature necessarily connected with the faithlessness of the age, I believe it is connected properly with the benevolence and liberty of the age ; that it is precisely the most healthy element which distinctively belongs to us ; and that out of it, cultivated no longer in levity or ignorance, but in earnestness and as a duty, results will spring of an importance at present inconceivable ; and lights arise, which, for the first time in man's history, will reveal to him the true nature of his life, the true field for his energies, and the true relations between him and his Maker.

•Infinity.

Infinity—It is of all visible things the least material, the least finite, the farthest withdrawn from the earth prison-house, the most typical of the nature of God, the most suggestive of the glory of His dwelling-place. For the sky of night, though we may know it boundless, is dark, it is a studded vault, a roof that seems to shut us in and down : but the bright distance has no limit—we feel its infinity as we rejoice in its purity of light.

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The infinity of God is not mysterious, it is only unfathomable : not concealed, but incomprehensible : it is a clear infinity, the darkness of the pure, unsearchable sea.

Water.

Of all inorganic substances, acting in their own proper nature, and without assistance or combination, water is the most wonderful. If we think of it as the source of all the changefulness and beauty of clouds ; as the instrument by which the earth was modelled into symmetry, and its crags chiselled into grace : then in the form of snow ; in the foam of the torrent—in the morning mist, in the broad lake and glancing river ; finally in that which is to all human minds the best emblem of unwearied, unconquerable power, the wild, various, fantastic, timeless unity of the sea ; what shall we compare to this mighty, this universal element, for glory and for beauty ? It is like trying to paint a soul.

A Path Prepared.

How seldom do we enough consider, as we walk beside the margins of our pleasant brooks, how beautiful and wonderful is that ordinance, of which every blade of grass that waves in their clear water is a perpetual sign, that the dew and rain fallen on the face of the earth shall find no resting-place : shall find on the contrary paths prepared for them. . . . And the gateways of guarding mountains opened for them in cleft and chasm, none letting them in their pilgrimage, and from far off the great heart of the sea calling them to itself.

Time and Decay.

In the hand of the great Architect of the mountains, time and decay are as much the instruments of His purpose as the forces by which He first led forth the troops of the hills in leaping flocks :— the lightning and the torrent, and the wasting and weariness of innumerable ages all bear their part in the working out of one consistent plan : and the Builder of the temple for ever stands beside His work appointing the stone that is to fall, and the pillar that is to be abased, and guiding all the seeming wildness of chance and change, into ordained splendors, and foreseen harmonies.

Good and Evil.

This I know—and this may by all men be known—that no good or lovely thing exists in this world without its correspondent darkness ; and that the universe presents itself continually to mankind under the stern aspect of warning or of choice, the good and the evil set on the right hand and the left. And where the beauty and wisdom of the Divine working are most manifested, there also are manifested most clearly the terror of God's wrath, and inevitableness of His power. So to the end of time it will be : to the end the cry will still be heard along the Alpine winds, “ Hear, oh ye mountains, the Lord's controversy.”

Repose after Destruction.

As we pass beneath the hills which have been shaken by earthquake and torn by convulsion, we find that periods of perfect repose succeeded those of destruction. The pools of calm water lie beneath their fallen rocks, the water-lilies gleam, and the reeds whisper among their shadows: the village rises over the forgotten graves, and its church-tower, white through the storm-twilight, proclaims a renewed appeal to His protection in whose hand "are all the corners of the earth, and the strength of the hills is His also."

Novel-Reading.

With respect to that sore temptation of novel-reading, it is not the badness of a novel we should dread, but its over-wrought interest. . . . Even the best romance becomes dangerous if by its excitement it renders the ordinary course of life uninteresting, and increases the morbid thirst for useless acquaintance with scenes in which we shall never be called upon to act. . . . Novels should be chosen not for what is *out* of them, but for what is *in* them.

That literature is best which points out in common life and familiar things the objects for hopeful labour, and for humble love.

Self-Annihilation.

The power of the Masters is shown by their self-annihilation. It is commensurate with the degree in which they themselves appear not in their work. The harp of the minstrel is untruly touched if his own glory is all that it records. Every great writer may be at once known by his guiding the mind far from himself, to the beauty which is not of his creation, and the knowledge which is past his finding out.

I have always found that the less we speak of our intentions, the more chance there is of our realizing them.

The Gift of Color.

Of all God's gifts to the sight of man, color is the holiest, the most divine, the most solemn. What would the world and our own existence become if the blue were taken from the sky, and the gold from the sunshine, and the verdure from the leaves, and the crimson from the blood which is the life of man, the flush from the cheek, the darkness from the eye, the radiance from the hair?—If we could but see, for an instant, white human creatures living in a white world—we would soon feel what we owe to color. The purest and most thoughtful minds are those which love color the most.

Vulgarity.

The higher a man stands, the more the word "vulgar" becomes unintelligible to him.

There is never vulgarity in a *whole* truth however commonplace. It may be unimportant or painful. It cannot be vulgar. Vulgarity is only in concealment of truth, or in affectation.

Men become vulgar precisely in proportion as they are incapable of sympathy, of all that, in deep insistence on the common, but most accurate term, may be called the "tact" or touch-faculty of body and soul, that fineness and fulness of sensation, beyond reason, the guide and sanctifier of reason itself.

Royal Roads.

People will discover at last that royal roads to anything can no more be laid in iron than they can in dust; that there are, in fact, no royal roads to anywhere worth going to: do we want to be strong?—we must work. To be hungry?—we must starve. To be happy?—we must be kind. To be wise?—we must look and think; no changing of place at a hundred miles an hour, nor making of stuffs a thousand yards a minute, will make us one whit stronger, happier, or wiser.

The Right Spirit for Work.

We have certain work to do for our bread, and that is to be done strenuously : other work to do for our delight, and that is to be done heartily : neither is to be done by halves or shifts, but with a will ; and what is not worth this effort is not to be done at all. There is dreaming enough, and earthiness enough in human existence without our turning the few glowing moments of it into mechanism ; and since our life must at the best be but a vapor that appears but for a little time and then vanishes away, let it at least appear as a cloud in the height of Heaven, not as the thick darkness that broods over the blast of the Furnace, and rolling of the Wheel.

God a Household God.

Our God is a household God as well as a Heavenly One : He has an altar in every man's dwelling.

If men lived like men indeed, their houses would be temples, which we should hardly dare to injure, and in which it would make us holy to be permitted to live.

This is the true nature of home—it is the place of Peace : the shelter, not only from all injury, but from all terror, doubt, and division. In so far as it is not this, it is not home. But so far as it is a sacred place watched over by Household Gods, before whose faces none may come but those whom they can receive with love—so far it fulfils the praise of home.

The Glory of a Building.

Every human action gains in honor, in grace, in all true magnificence, by its regard to things that are to come. Therefore, when we build, let us think that we build forever. Let it not be for present delight, nor for present use alone: let it be such work as our descendants will thank us for. And will say as they look upon the labour and wrought substance, "See! this our fathers did for us." For, indeed, the greatest glory of a building is not in its stones, or in its gold. Its glory is in its *age*, and in that deep sense of voicefulness, of stern watching, of mysterious sympathy, which we feel in walls that have long been washed by the passing waves of humanity.

Defeat and Success.

Do what you can, and confess frankly what you are unable to do ; neither let your effort be shortened for fear of failure, nor your confession silenced for fear of shame. And while in all things that we see, or do, we are to derive perfection, and strive for it, we are nevertheless not to prefer mean victory to honorable defeat ; not to lower the level of our aim that we may more surely enjoy the complacency of success.

It is not a question of how *much* we are to do, but of how it is to be done : it is not a question of doing more, but of doing better.

Political Economy.

There is no wealth but Life. Life, including all its powers of love, of joy, and of admiration. That country is the richest which nourishes the greatest number of noble and happy human beings: that man is richest who, having perfected the functions of his own life to the utmost, has also the widest helpful influence, both personal, and by means of his possessions, over the lives of others. A strange political economy: the only one, nevertheless, that ever was or can be: all political economy founded on self-interest being but the fulfilment of that which once brought schism into the Policy of angels, and ruin into the Economy of Heaven.

The Spirit of Self-Sacrifice.

“I left not only parents and kindred, but the *accustomed luxuries of delicate life.*” These words of St. Jerome’s throw full light on what to our less courageous temper, seems the exaggerated reading by the early converts of Christ’s words to them—“ He that loveth father or mother more than Me, is not worthy of Me.” We are content to leave, for much lower interests, either father or mother, and do not see the necessity of any farther sacrifice. We should know more of ourselves and of Christianity if we oftener sustained what St. Jerome found the more searching trial.

The Light of the World.

What we are to pray for is the Light of the World: the Light "that lighteth *every man that cometh into the world.*" You will find that it is no metaphor—nor has it ever been so. To the Persian, the Greek, and the Christian, the sense of the power of the God of Light, has been one and the same. That power is not merely in teaching or protecting, but in the enforcement of purity of body, and of equity or justice in the heart now, and here, actual purity in the midst of the world's foulness, practical justice in the midst of the world's iniquity.

High Art.

High art consists neither in altering, nor in improving nature ; but in seeking throughout nature for “ whatsoever things are lovely, and whatsoever things are pure ” ; in loving them, in displaying to the utmost of the painter’s power such loveliness as is in them, and directing the thoughts of others to them by winning art, or gentle emphasis.

The characteristic of great art is that it includes the largest possible quantity of Truth in the most perfect possible harmony.

Great art is pre-eminently the expression of the spirits of great men.

Art unlike Science.

The Arts, as regards teachableness, differ from the Sciences in this, that their power is founded not merely on facts which can be communicated, but on dispositions which require to be created. The more beautiful the Art, the more it is essentially the work of people who feel themselves wrong. Whenever the arts and labours of life are fulfilled in the spirit of striving against mis-rule, and doing whatever we have to do honorably and perfectly, they invariably bring happiness, as much as seems possible to the nature of man.

Great Art.

Remember always you have two characters in which all greatness of Art consists. First, the earnest and intense seizing of natural facts; then the ordering those facts by strength of human intellect, so as to make them, for all who look upon them, to the utmost serviceable, memorable, and beautiful, and thus great Art is nothing else than the type of strong and noble life.

In human life you have the two fields of rightful toil for ever distinguished, yet for ever associated: Truth first,—plan or design founded thereon, so in Art you have the same two fields.—Truth first,—plan or design founded thereon.

Decoration.

A general law, of singular importance in the present day, a law of common-sense is—not to decorate things belonging to purposes of active and occupied life. Wherever you can rest, then decorate ; where rest is forbidden, so is beauty. You must not mix ornament with business, any more than you may mix play. Work first, and then rest ; work first, and then gaze, but do not use golden ploughshares, nor bind ledgers in enamel. Do not thrash with sculptured flails ; nor put bas-reliefs on millstones.

Grace and Love.

By simply obeying the orders of the Founder of your religion, all grace, graciousness, or beauty and favour of gentle life, will be given to you in mind and body, in work and in rest. The Grace of Christ exists, and can be had if you will, and as you know more and more of the created world, you will find that the true will of its Maker is that its creatures should be happy :—that He has made everything beautiful in its time and its place, and that it is chiefly by the fault of men, when they are allowed the liberty of thwarting His laws, that Creation groans or travails in pain.

A Noble Art-School.

Remember, it is not so much in *buying* pictures, as in *being* pictures, that you can encourage a noble school. The best patronage of Art is not that which seeks for the pleasure of sentiment in a vague ideality, nor for beauty of form in marble image: but that which educates your children into living heroes, and binds down the flights and the fondnesses of the heart into practical duty and faithful devotion.

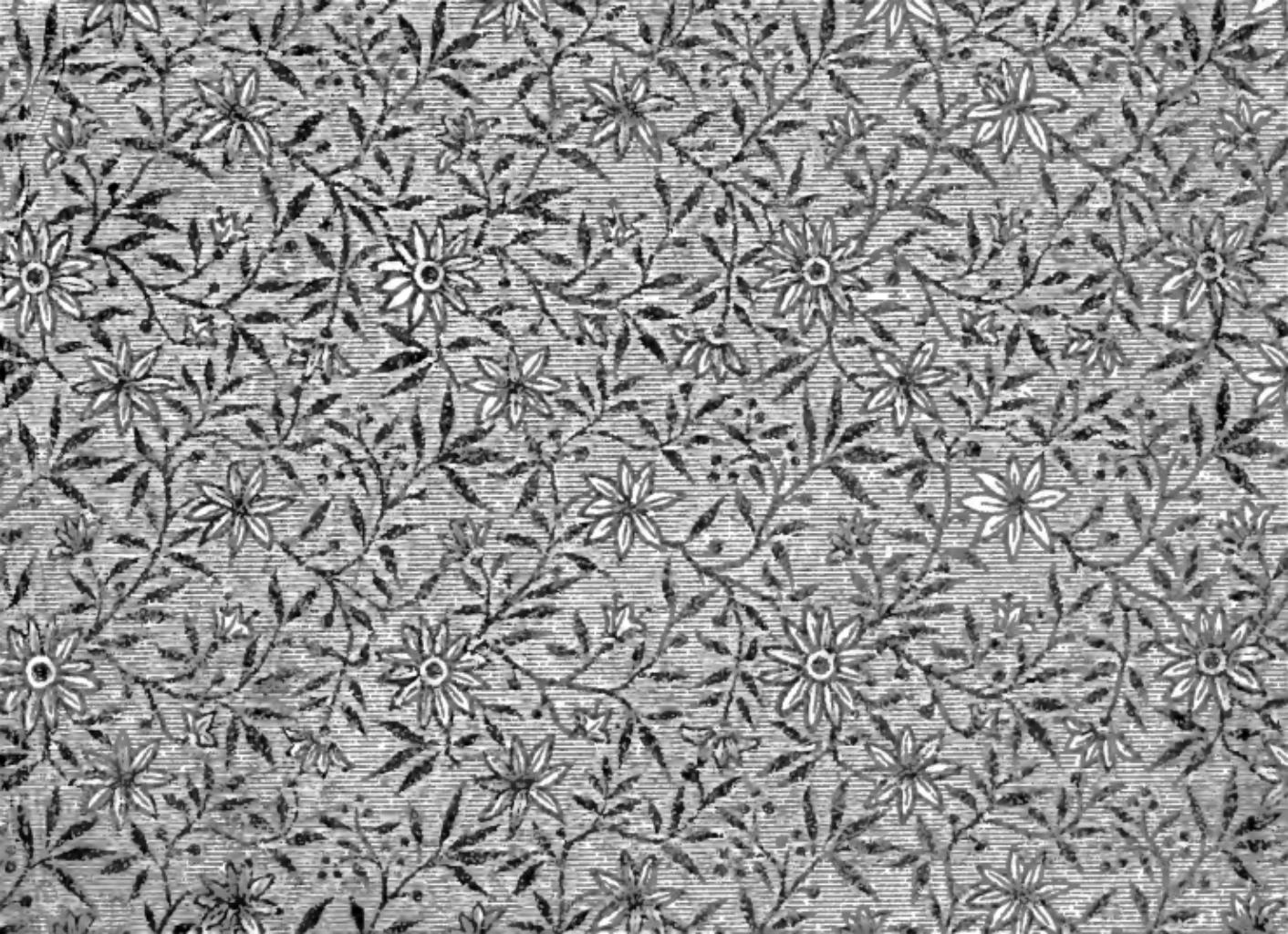
Growing in Grace.

A Spirit does actually exist which teaches the ant her path, the bird her building, and men, in an instinctive and marvellous way, whatever lovely acts and noble deeds are possible to them. . . . I pray you with all earnestness to prove and know within your hearts, that all things lovely and righteous are possible for those who believe in their possibility, and who determine that, for their part, they will make every day's work contribute to them. Let every morning be to you as the beginning of life, and every setting sun be to you as its close ; then let every one of these short lives leave its sure record of some kindly thing done for others, some goodly strength or knowledge gained for yourselves.









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